TALES OF VOODOO

K 47395

NOV 1973

Still Only 60¢

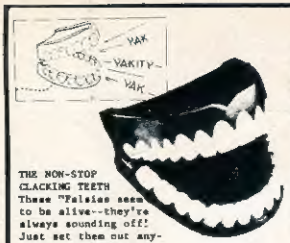
FEATURING:

A GARDEN OF CORPSES

SATAN'S BLOODY PEARLS

CLAWS OF HORROR

NOVELLE...



THE NON-STOP CLACKING TEETH
These "Falsies seem to be alive--they're always sounding off! Just set them out anywhere and they'll go into action...yakity, yakity, yak. A great party companion. Good for a thousand laughs.
Item No. 666....$1.75

TRICK BASEBALL
It bounces cockeyed, it curves, it dips, it's impossible to catch. It's sure to set all the kids on the block spinning after it. There's a barrel of fun in every bounce of this amazing base ball.
No. 158 $1.00

JOY BUZZER
Windup novelty you wear like a ring. Your victim gets a "SHOCKING" hand shake. Absolutely harmless.
No. 239 Only 50c

SEE BEHIND GLASSES
A specially treated pair of sunglasses with secret mirrors that enable you to see behind you without anyone knowing that you're watching.
No. 30 75¢

Secret Spy Scope
PEN SIZE—CLIPS ON YOUR POCKET. 8 POWER MAGNIFIER.
Six power wide field magnifier is great for watching sporting events, nature study, girl watching and counter spying. Also contains a 30 power microscope. Not a toy but a real optical instrument.
No. F59 $1.50

ATOMIC SMOKE BOMB
Light one and watch the column of thick white smoke rise to the ceiling and expand into a dense cloud. Sensational surprising effect.
No. 971 20c

INSTANT PATCHES..... ALL 9 FOR INSTANT ATTENTION-GETTERS $1.50

Here's a bright colorful collection of easy-on patches to liven up your dungarees, T-shirts, and cut-offs. Just place them where you want them, press with a warm iron and they're permanently bonded to withstand repeated washings. That's all there is to it! Brighten up your "threads" with these happy patches. All nine for only $1.50

Item No. 667..
.....$1.50 set

WHOOPEE CUSHION
Place on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream
No. 247 50c

SILENT DOG WHISTLE
This whistle can't be heard by human ears, but Rover can hear it half a mile away. Your dog will understand that this whistle is for him alone. Be amazed how quickly he responds.
No. 701 $1.00

Scary, Life-Size
MONSTER GHOST
Obeys Your Commands!
OVER 7 FEET TALL
Scare the daylights out of your "victim" as this terrifying life size ghost hovers and darts over him. Can be controlled up to 50 feet away so you can hide while watching your victim. Complete instructions included.
MT101.....$1.00

RAQUEL WELCH PILLOW
ONLY $1.98 What man wouldn't enjoy spending a night with Raquel Welch? Well, we can't deliver her, but we can deliver that next best thing —a 12" x 24" inflatable pillow of Raquel made of rugged vinyl to serve as your headrest. Keep her for yourself or show her to your friends. Livens up party when everyone sees and feels this great gag item.
RR15....$1.98

MONEY CHANGER
Just like a professional money changer. Attaches to any belt. Holds pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters.
No. 70 $1.50

JACK POT BANK
Dime-operated "one armed Bandit" works like those in Las Vegas. Deposit dime, pull handle, and reels spin like the real thing. Dimes are removable. Should not be used for gambling.
No. 2068 $1.69

THROW YOUR VOICE
Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, everywhere. Fits in your mouth out of sight. Fool teacher, friends, family. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist."
No. 137 25c

Chop a cigarette in two in either hole. Put finger in top hole and cigarette in lower. The cigarette is cut, but your finger is unharmed. Full instructions.
No. 6222 $1

COMPLETE SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR KIT
★ BADGE ★ CARRYING CASE
★ SPECIAL I. D. CARD
ONLY $2.75

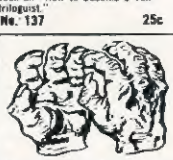
This professional type detective badge kit and case includes an extra heavy silvered nickle badge for use by private and special investigators PLUS authentic-type case and I.D. Card. Impress your friends with this official looking novelty. No.860...$2.75

TRICK BLACK SOAP
Ordinary looking piece of soap. Victim washes face and gets blacker and blacker. When he gets a look in the mirror, he'll be shocked. Harmless.
No. 575 Only 35c

FULL SIZE SKELETON
7 FEET TALL EYES GLOW IN THE DARK
This 7 foot tall "BONEY THE SKELETON" is scary enough at any time—but wait till you see him IN THE DARK in all his horrible, spine chilling grandeur, eyes glowing like fiery coals. If you like to haunt houses or frighten friends, this is for you! Or hang "Boney" in your room or to liven up a party.
No. F200 $1.00

ONLY 3.98
Weighted Wristlets

"Power Packed" Arm Builders To Give you mighty striking power
"Power Packed" wristlets build the powerful arms you want without special equipment or exercises. Just wear these rugged lead weighted wristlets during your ordinary activities at work or play.
#900.....$3.98 each



WORLDS UGLIEST HANDS
Slip these knobby "paws" on and watch your friends disappear. Ugh! They're awful! If you're got the courage, maybe you can have fun(?) with them.
Item No. 607...$1.98

ONION GUM
Looks like real chewing gum but tastes like ONIONS! It's too funny! 5 slices to a pack.
No. 281 20c

FOAMING SUGAR
Looks just like real sugar, but that's where the resemblance stops. When it's dropped in liquid, they overflow and form clouds of suds. Seems as though it'll never stop.
NO 549.....25¢

Lots of FUN passing out this Spearmint Gum with Hot Pepper added. Regulation pack, 5 sticks in cello wrapped package to keep it fresh.
A121 25¢

SURPRISE PACKAGE
Are you willing to take a chance? We won't tell you what you get, but because you're willing to gamble, we'll give you more than your money's worth.
No. 878 Only 50c

WEREWOLF HORROR MASK
This rubber mask is so grotesque that it is sure to shake up the whole neighborhood. Be the "Werewolf" that prowls again!
No. 26W....$1.98

MUSCLES OF STEEL
Results in just 30 days
Pocket gym slaps inches of muscle on your arms and torso. Gain the respect of your friends—the admiration of the girls. Keep fit and healthy. Fear no one! Made of heavy rubber.
No. 7001 only $1.00

MAGIC CARDS
Deck is marked and stripped. Can be read from the back but looks like ordinary deck. With instructions for 10 terrific tricks.
No. 183 $1.50

MONEYMAKER
Insert a blank piece of paper, turn the knob and . . . OUT COMES A REAL DOLLAR BILL! Insert the dollar and it changes to a $5 then the $5 changes to $10.
A135 1.25

What fun and laughs as you watch your zoo full of Sea Monkeys obey your commands, dance to music, and loop-the-loop. A "Variety Show" for the whole family for only $1. FREE Instruction Book, water purifier, and a FULL YEAR supply of growth food.
NO. FL5.....$1.00

OVER 1000 FREE GIFTS YOURS FOR THE ASKING
This miracle book gives the addresses of associations, federal agencies and manufacturers that are anxious to send you ABSOLUTELY FREE samples, manuals, and books. A fabulous treasure trove completely up-to-date which will bring you gifts worth many times its low cost.
Item #88 50c

HONOR HOUSE PROD. CORP. DEPT. 472GK13
35 WILBUR ST., LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563
Rush me the items listed below. If I am not 100% satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days FREE TRIAL for full refund of purchase price.
We cannot accept orders totaling less than $1.00.

NAME & NUMBER OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

Please add 25c to total order for postage and handling.
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED _____

NAME
ADDRESS ZIP
NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

TALES OF VOODOO

NOVEMBER 1973 Vol. 6 No. 6

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The weird and uncanny patch of green where voices scream with bloody terror as the ghastly black roots rip the flesh from another victim.

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An unusual tale of a small town plagued by a group of burglars who toast their robberies in a smelly graveyard tomb.

CARL BURGOS, Editor IRVING FASS, Art Director
EZRA JACKSON, Art Editor

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TREES AND FLOWERS ... ETERNAL SYMBOLS OF *SPRING, SUNSHINE* AND BEAUTY!! YET AN *ANGUISHED* VOICE CRIES OUT IN THE NIGHT TO BEWARE OF *UNSPEAKABLE* HORROR, THE SUDDEN AND VIOLENT *DEATH* THAT GROWS FROM GHASTLY BLACK ROOTS!...

Garden of Corpses

A *RARE* AND *UNSUAL* VASE... THE HARMLESS PURCHASE OF A *STRANGE* OLD MAN... AND YET THE LONELY WALLS OF HIS HOUSE SEEM TO ECHO WITH THE FRIGHTENING SOUND OF DISASTER ... AND *DOOM!*

YOU SEE THIS VASE, MIRANDA? THE *ONLY* ONE OF ITS KIND IN EXISTENCE! ...I BOUGHT IT AT AN ANTIQUE SHOP!

I'LL BRING SOME FLOWERS FOR IT, MR. BAILEY!

THUMP! THUMP!

I JUST PICKED SOME *FRESH* ONES FROM THE GARDEN!

NOW WITH A LITTLE WATER THESE SHOULD KEEP FOR QUITE AWHILE!
SUDDENLY THE FLOWERS IN THE VASE... ONCE BRIGHT AND BLOOMING... BECOME LIKE ROTTED CORPSES...
L.. LOOK, MR. BAILEY! HOW... COULD... THAT...
UGH-H-H-H!
THERE'S SOMETHING HORRIBLE ABOUT THIS VASE!--IT MUST BE DESTROYED!!
THE DEAD FLOWERS MUST BE DESTROYED LIKE THE VASE!--THEIR EVIL MIGHT CONTAMINATE THIS HOUSE!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE GARDEN ??? WHERE DID THAT GHASTLY FOLIAGE COME FROM???
THE LOATHESOME VASE FORGOTTEN, THE OLD MAN RETIRES FOR THE NIGHT. AND IN THE MORNING...
WELL, I'M GLAD I THREW OUT THAT HORRID ANTIQUE!

MIRANDA!.. DO YOU KNOW WHERE THOSE STRANGE PLANTS CAME FROM?
NO, MR. BAILEY, I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU ABOUT THEM!
ONE STEP INTO THE GARDEN ... AND WITHIN A FEW SECONDS THE HOUSEKEEPER BECOMES A FLESHLESS CORPSE!..
AARRGH-H!
MIRANDA!
THIS GARDEN HAS BECOME LIKE THE VASE... IT CAN DESTROY WHATEVER COMES INTO IT! I'VE CREATED A ... MONSTER!
BUT WHEN THE SHOCK OF HORROR HAS FADED, ANOTHER EMOTION TAKES ITS PLACE... AND IN THE OLD MAN'S MIND A TERRIBLE OBSESSION BEGINS TO GROW...
... A DEADLY MONSTER!! MY GARDEN!!! NOW I'VE THE POWER TO TAKE A HUMAN LIFE! I'VE ALWAYS BEEN MEEK... HELPLESS ... ALONE!!!
... AND GROW AND GROW AND GROW!
POWER!! THE POWER TO KILL! KILL! KILL!
YES!! YES!! I HEAR YOU... I UNDER-STAND!
AND, FINALLY, ONE AFTERNOON...
I'M AN AMATEUR NATURALIST AND I COULDN'T HELP STOPPING TO SEE YOUR ODD LOOKING PLANTS!
OF COURSE! THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE!

AAAHH-H-H!
MY GARDEN IS CURIOUS, IS IT NOT, MY FRIEND?
MIND IF I LOOK AT YOUR GARDEN, MISTER? I'VE NEVER SEEN FLOWERS LIKE THAT!
OF COURSE YOU CAN! IF YOU WAIT, I'LL LET YOU IN!
AGAIN THE REPULSIVE GREEN FOLIAGE CLAIMS ANOTHER BODY, TWISTING LIKE POISONOUS SNAKES ABOUT ITS VICTIM UNTIL THE FLESH FALLS AWAY!
IN THE CELLAR OF HIS HOME, THE OLD MAN, NOW WARPED BY EVIL, GAZES UPON THE WRETCHED, FETID REMAINS OF HIS VICTIMS...
WHAT---
AARRGH-H-H!
MY LOVELY GARDEN WILL NOT HARM ME! --BUT, THEY HAVE FELT ITS POWER!! AND NOW THE FLAMES WILL DEVOUR THEM!
BURN, MY PRETTY ONES! THERE WILL BE NO TRACE THAT YOU EVER EXISTED!
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, THE OLD MAN STILL LOOKS UPON HIS BELOVED GARDEN...
IT'S SO STILL TONIGHT... AS STILL AS DEATH! NOBODY WILL DISTURB THIS PLACE TONIGHT!

BUT SUDDENLY THE SILENCE IS BROKEN BY A VOICE FROM OUT OF THE GRAVE...
THIS OUR HOME !! WE WILL ... RETURN !!
AH-H-H-H-H!
THAT... FACE!! IT WAS LIKE ONE OF THEM... BUT EVEN MORE HORRIBLE!! I'LL GO BACK TO THAT ANTIQUE SHOP WHERE I BOUGHT THE VASE...
WELL MY FRIEND OF THE RARE VASE, WHAT DO YOU WISH TO KNOW?
YOU MUST TELL ME... WHAT IS THE STRANGE SECRET OF THAT VASE?
THE SECRET IS THIS: THE VASE BELONGED TO AN ANCIENT ORIENTAL CULT WHICH DECREED THAT WHATEVER WAS PLACED IN THE VASE WOULD DIE QUICKLY... AND IF BURNED, WOULD RISE AGAIN IN A NEW AND MORE GHASTLY SHAPE!
THEN THAT IS WHY THE BURNED FLOWERS GAVE RISE TO THE DEADLY FOLIAGE...
BUT WHAT IF THE SAME CURSE HOLDS TRUE FOR THE BODIES I DESTROYED? WHAT IF THEY SHOULD RISE AGAIN LIKE THE FLOWERS ??? THAT FACE IN THE GARDEN...

SICKENED BY THE FRIGHTENING THOUGHT, THE OLD MAN HURRIES FROM THE SHOP, HIS CRUMBLING MIND FILLED WITH FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN!..
I MUST GO HOME! I MUST FACE... WHATEVER AWAITS ME!...
PERHAPS THE ANTIQUE DEALER WAS WRONG! I SEE NOTHING BUT MY GARDEN! HE MUST BE A FOOL...
BUT THE WORDS SUDDENLY FREEZE ON HIS LIPS AS A WEIRD PROCESSION COMES OUT OF THE NIGHT... SPIRITS OF THE UNHOLY DEAD!...
WE HAVE COME TO CLAIM OUR HOME HERE IN THE GARDEN!! ONLY THE DEAD CAN THRIVE IN THE GARDEN OF DOOM!!!
NO!! NO-O-O!
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?
FOLLOW US INTO THE GARDEN!!! YOU MUST!!!
YOU WON'T DESTROY ME THIS WAY! MY GARDEN CANNOT HARM ME!
BUT IT IS NO LONGER YOUR GARDEN!! IT IS OUR HOME!!
AND SO THE GARDEN OF DOOM CLAIMS IT'S LAST VICTIM... AND THE CREATURES FROM THE BEYOND MOVE INTO THEIR FINAL RESTING PLACE!..
YAGHH-H-H! AAAGH-H!
OUR HOME!!
THE END

IN A MOMENT OF RECKLESS IMPULSE, MADDENED, FORSAKEN PETER ERLU IMPLORED SATAN TO AID HIM! AND SATAN COMPLIED WITH VIOLENT RAPIDITY AS HE PRESENTED ERLU WITH...
SATAN'S BLOODY PEARLS
MARCHIONNE

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT FROM THE CHEAPEST SEAT IN THE BALLET THEATRE, PETER ERLU LOOK ON INTENTLY!
SHE IS MAGNIFICENT! IT IS A SHAME THAT GIGI STARLEAU IS ONLY THE NUMBER 3 BALLERINA! SHE SHOULD BE THE FIRST!
I MUST MAKE HER MINE! SHE MUST KNOW HOW PETER ERLU FEELS ABOUT HER! BUT HOW! I AM SO SHABBY!
EXIT
THE STRANGE OBSESSED LITTLE MAN WATCHES EVERY PERFORMANCE, AND AFTER EACH, WHEN THE GLITTERING CROWD HAS DISPERSED...
SHE IS BEAUTIFUL! SHE MUST BE THE FIRST BALLERINA! NOTHING MUST STAND IN HER WAY! NOTHING!
BALLET
GIGI STARLEAU
APPEARING IN
RETURNING TO HIS SQUALID ROOM, ERLU'S FERVOR MOUNTS TO FEVER PITCH!
NORMA RODENNE AND ELLEN GAR! THEY STAND IN HER WAY! THEY ARE RANK NOVICES COMPARED TO MY GIGI! DEATH TO THEM!
TUM!
BUT I CAN'T DO IT ALONE! I NEED HELP-- FROM THE DEVIL HIMSELF! IF YOU HEAR ME, SATAN!
I... I WAS JUST...
I KNOW, PETER ERLU! I HEARD! AND I'M HERE TO ANSWER YOUR PLEA!
A... A NECKLACE!
TAKE IT AND PRESENT IT TO GIGI STARLEAU'S RIVALS!

A NECKLACE FOR ELLEN GAR! AND FROM THE DEVIL HIMSELF! HEE-HEEEE!

THE NEXT MORNING IN THE LAVISH APARTMENT OF PRIMA BALLERINA ELLEN GAR!
STRANGE! I DIDN'T SEE THIS DELIVERED! FROM A BASHFUL ADMIRER, NO DOUBT! I'LL TRY IT ON!

THE BEAUTIFUL DANCER PLACES THE FATEFUL NECKLACE ABOUT HER NECK UNAWARE OF ITS SINISTER ORIGIN OR PURPOSE!
HOW LOVELY! IT'S... IT'S... (GASP) I'M CHOKING... IT'S STRANGLING ME... (GASP)... AIEEE!

AGGG-RRRR-AAA...
HEE-HEE! SPLENDID! ONE LESS OBSTACLE IN GIGI'S PATH TO FAME!

WELL DONE, MY NECKLACE! NOW FOR NORMA RODENNE! HA-HA!

NEWS OF ELLEN GAR'S DEATH SHAKES THE ENTIRE BALLET COMPANY TO IT'S FOUNDATIONS! AND AS NORMA RODENNE, NUMBER TWO BALLERINA, PREPARES TO ASSUME THE PRIMA DIVA'S ROLE...
GOOD LUCK, NORMA! YOU'RE NUMBER ONE NOW! AND GIGI IS SECOND!
THANK YOU, SIR! I'M GRATEFUL FOR YOUR CONFIDENCE!

AND AS NORMA RODENNE PREPARES TO GO ON!

PACKAGE FOR YOU, MISS NORMA! SOME PEARLS! DON'T KNOW WHO THEY'RE FROM!

PEARLS! FROM AN ANONYMOUS FAN, PERHAPS! I'LL WEAR THEM NOW!

THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL AND I... (GASP) THEY'RE... I CAN'T BREATHE...

THEY'RE...(GASP) ..STRANGLING ME ...! (GASP) AGGRRRAA!

AND NORMA RODENNE'S FINAL PERFORMANCE IS WITNESSED BY A FIEND-ISH UNSEEN OBSERVER!

HEE-HEE! SUCCESS! DEAD AT LAST! AND GIGI IS THE FIRST BALLERINA!

THE NEXT DAY...

NOW TO TELL HER THE NEWS! THAT I, PETER ERLU HAVE MADE HER A STAR!

BALLET

STARRING

GIGI STARLEAU

EXULTANT OVER HIS TRIUMPH, THE DIABOLICAL PETER ERLU FLOUNGES CONFIDENTLY INTO GIGI STARLEAU'S DRESSING ROOM AND NO LONGER HESITANT, BRAGS THAT HE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR HER STARDOM!

WHY YOU RIDICULOUS LITTLE MAN! SURELY YOU AREN'T SERIOUS!

SHOCKED AT THIS UNANTICIPATED REJECTION, ERLU SEETHES WITH HATRED FOR THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN FOR WHOM HE HAD KILLED!
HA-HA-HA! GO AWAY, LITTLE MAN BEFORE I HAVE YOU THROWN OUT!
SERIOUS! OF COURSE I'M SERIOUS!
AND HIS FIENDISH BRAIN SEEKS ITS REVENGE!
ALL RIGHT! SO YOU DON'T WANT ME! BUT TAKE THIS PEARL NECKLACE WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!
A NECKLACE!
THEY ARE RATHER NICE, AREN'T THEY? I'LL TRY THEM ON!
HE-HE-HEH! REJECT ME... THE NECKLACE WILL WORK ON HER AS ON THE OTHERS!
DO YOU LIKE THEM, PETER ERLU? HA-HA!
HA-HA-HA!
AAAAGGGHHH
AND SO LIKE COUNTLESS OTHERS BEFORE HIM, PETER ERLU FAILED TO REALIZE UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE, THAT THE DEVIL IS TOO GREAT AN EVIL FORCE TO BE EMBODIED IN ONE INDIVIDUAL ALONE; AND THAT THOSE WHO DEAL WITH IT ARE PAID IN HIDEOUS DEATH!
THE END

CLAWS of HORROR

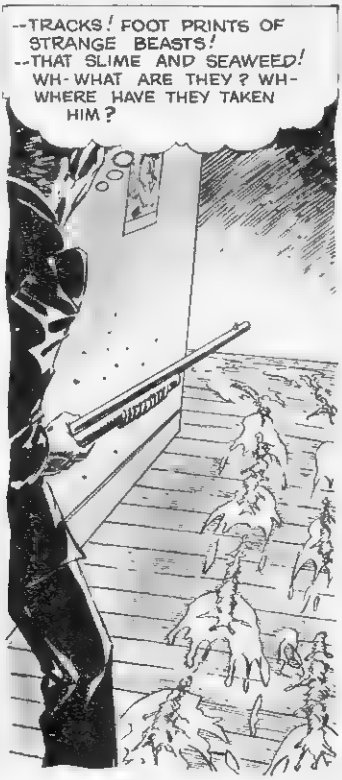
SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED... BUT SHE DIDN'T KNOW THE PRICE SHE'D HAVE TO PAY... FOR BELOW HER, IN THE THICK SLIME OF A STRANGE UNDERSEA WORLD, THEY LURKED... WATCHING AND WAITING FOR HER.

MAYBE, SON, BUT I FEEL THAT YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN! BEFORE I BID YOU FAREWELL THERE IS A SECRET I MUST IMPART TO YOU. BELOW THE CELLAR IS A SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE THAT LEADS TO THE SEA...

...AT HIGH TIDE IT IS FLOODED, BUT AT LOW TIDE IT LEADS TO THE VERY MOUTH OF THE WATERS! THERE YOU WILL FIND STRANGE AND RICH TREASURES... AS MUCH AS YOU WANT! I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN SO.

ALL THAT NIGHT, YOUNG DONALD SAT AT HIS FATHER'S DOOR...
THEY WON'T GET HIM...THEY WON'T!

HOWEVER, TOWARD MORNING, HE MOMENTARILY FELL ASLEEP AND WHEN HE AWOKE...
HE... HE'S GONE! THEY... THEY CAN'T HAVE TAKEN HIM FAR! I... I'VE ONLY BEEN ASLEEP A MINUTE!


--TRACKS! FOOT PRINTS OF STRANGE BEASTS!
--THAT SLIME AND SEAWEED! WH-WHAT ARE THEY? WH-WHERE HAVE THEY TAKEN HIM?

DONALD FOLLOWED THE TRACKS... THROUGH THE HOUSE, DOWN THE CELLAR, AND FINALLY...
THEY... THEY LEAD TO THE VERY PASSAGEWAY DAD TOLD ME ABOUT... MAYBE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

SUDDENLY...

THOSE HORRIBLE CREATURES! THEY'RE CARRYING DAD INTO THE SEA! WHY?

DONALD! GO BACK... GO BACK!

LET HIM GO! LET HIM GO!

AS THE TERRIBLE CLAWLIKE HAND GRIPPED HIM, YOUNG DONDER FAINTED!

HIS CLAW... LIKE COLD STEEL... I... I... I... AAAAH...

AND WHEN HE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS...

DAD! HELP! --HELP!!

HIS TERROR-CHARGED VOICE ECHOED THROUGH THE PASSAGEWAY, AND...

MASTER DONALD! WHAT IS IT?

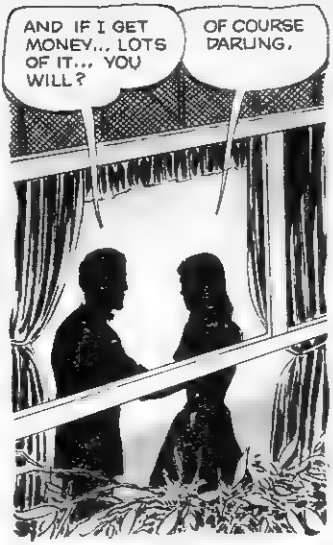
THEY... THEY TOOK HIM... HORRIBLE CREATURES, TOOK DAD BELOW THE SEA.

IT... IT MUST BE TRUE! ...WHAT STRANGE AND TERRIBLE CURSE HANGS OVER THIS HOUSE?

TAKE ME AWAY! I NEVER WANT TO SEE DONDER MANOR AGAIN!

DONALD GRADUALLY RECOVERED, AND FOR TWO YEARS DONDER MANOR AND ITS GRIM SECRETS WERE CLOSED...

AND THEN DONALD FELL IN LOVE. SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL BUT, SHREWD AND CALCULATING...
PLEASE, MONA... WON'T YOU MARRY ME?
I'M PERFECTLY WILLING... BUT I HAVE EXPENSIVE TASTES. YOU MUST BE ABLE TO BUY ME WHATEVER I WANT!


AND IF I GET MONEY... LOTS OF IT... YOU WILL?
OF COURSE DARLING.

I'VE NEVER TOLD YOU BEFORE... BECAUSE I... I WAS AFRAID TO. THERE IS SUPPOSED TO BE A TREASURE BENEATH MY ANCESTRAL HOME, BUT THERE ARE THINGS THERE...
OLD WIVES TALES! I'LL GO WITH YOU... AND SHOW YOU THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.

SOME TIME LATER...
IT... IT WAS HERE THAT I SAW THEM!
THE FOOL! HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND! IF IT WASN'T FOR FINDING A TREASURE, I'D NEVER HAVE COME WITH HIM!

LOOK! THE TREASURE! JUST AS MY FATHER TOLD ME!
A... A FORTUNE IN GEMS AND GOLD! IF ONLY I COULD HAVE IT FOR MYSELF... WITHOUT BEING TIED TO THAT WEAK-WITTED, FOOL THE REST OF MY LIFE!

HERE, MONA... ALL OF IT FOR YOU! YOU... YOU'LL KEEP YOUR PROMISE?
YES! YES! OF COURSE!

SUDDENLY...
AGGHH!

NEVER MIND THE TREASURE! MY HEAD... HELP ME..!
HAVE TO PICK THEM UP BEFORE THE TIDE FLOODS THE PASSAGE WAY!

MONA! DON'T LEAVE ME! I...I'M DYING THEY... THEY'LL GET ME!
NONSENSE! THERE ARE NO HORRIBLE CREATURES! IT'S JUST YOUR SICK IMAGINATION!
IF HE DIES, THE TREASURE WILL BE MINE WITHOUT HAVING TO MARRY HIM!

MOMENTS LATER...
THEY... THEY'VE COME FOR ME...AS THEY'VE ALWAYS COME FOR THE DONDERS!

DO NOT BE AFRAID DONALD! WE ARE HERE TO HELP YOU! THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO ONE OF YOUR ANCESTORS DISCOVERED THIS SERUM WHICH CONTAINS THE SECRET OF IMMORTAL LIFE...
...AND SINCE THEN, WHENEVER A DONDER HAS BEEN READY TO DIE WE GIVE HIM THE GIFT OF YEARS WITHOUT END. THE SERUM WILL CHANGE YOU... AS WE HAVE BEEN CHANGED... AND BENEATH THE SEA YOU WILL LIVE FOREVER!

THOSE TREASURES YOU SAW... WE DREDGED THEM FROM THE LIMITLESS WEALTH THAT LIES BENEATH THE SEA... SOON, YOU WILL SEE OUR LAND BELOW THE WATER!
COME YOU ARE READY.
ETERNAL LIFE BENEATH THE SEA... BUT STILL...I... WANT MONA SHE PROMISED!

SOME WEEKS LATER, ON AN OCEAN LINER...
EVERYTHING I WANTED... AND WITHOUT BEING SHACKLED TO THAT FOOL WITH HIS RIDICULOUS FANTASIES!

AT THAT INSTANT...
THOSE STRANGE SCRABBLING SOUNDS... AT MY DOOR... WHAT CAN THEY BE?

NO! NO! EEEHH! HELP!

NOW YOU SEE... THE CREATURES I SPOKE OF... THEY...THEY EXIST!
IT... IT'S DONALD'S VOICE! HIS FACE! TH-THAT THING IS DONALD!

YES...NOW I AM ONE OF THEM... AND SO WILL YOU BE SOON!
DONALD! PLEASE! I'M SORRY! LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

THE CRAB-LIKE CREATURE CRAWLED DOWN THE SIDE OF THE BOAT CLUTCHING HIS PREY ...HIS BRIDE..!
DON'T YOU REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE? NOW YOU CAN KEEP IT... FOREVER!

THE END

THE FROZEN COLOSSUS

THE TWO NOW EAGERLY TORE OPEN THE CONTAINER LID! THIS WAS THE MOMENT WHEN THEY WOULD KNOW IF THEIR EXPLORATION HAD BEEN VALID...

WELL--WHAT DOES IT SAY? I STILL THINK WE'RE ON A WILD GOOSE-CHASE!

NO, JOHN--YOU'RE WRONG! CENTER BASE HAS CHECKED OUR MAGNETIC RAY REPORTS! SUCCESS!

PAUL NORDEN LED HIS YOUNGER COLLEAGUE INTO THEIR TENT FOR A FURTHER EXAMINATION OF THE REPORT, HIS FACE AGLOW WITH THE FANATIC ZEAL OF A TRUE SCIENTIST...

I TOLD YOU MY THEORY WAS CORRECT! THERE ARE DEFINITE MAGNETIC IMPULSES COMING FROM AN AREA SOME 50 MILES FROM HERE! AIR OBSERVATION SPOTTED IT AS MOUNTAIN CHAIN!

BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T PROVE THAT A PREHISTORIC MAN IS TO BE FOUND HERE!

ON THE CONTRARY, THE RADIATION CHECK ON THE FOSSIL MAN IN ALASKA HAS--CONVINCED ME THAT IT COULD COME FROM THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY!

BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T PROVE THAT A NEW BRANCH PRE-HISTORIC MAN IS TO BE FOUND HERE! THE FACTS DON'T JIVE!!

ON THE CONTRARY, THEY DO! THE FOSSIL THAT WAS FOUND CONVINCED ME THAT IT CAME FROM THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY!

BUT "GETTING THERE" WAS NOT SO EASY TO DO! NUMBING COLD, SWEEPING RAIN, AND THE FREEZING AIR SURROUNDED THEM--

HERE WE ARE-- GASP-- I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D MAKE IT!

GASP--GASP-- LOOK AT THAT MAJESTIC CAVERN! IT'S HERE THAT WE'LL FIND OUR SPECIMEN, JOHN!

AND FINALLY THEY ARRIVED...

AN HOUR LATER...

CAREFUL, PAUL--ONE MIS-STEP AND WE'LL FALL TO OUR DEATHS BELOW!

MOMENTS AFTERWARDS, THEY HAD ENTERED A CAVERN FILLED WITH ASTONISHING ARTIFACTS OF A BYGONE AGE NEVER DISCOVERED...
GREAT SCOTT!
WE WERE RIGHT, JOHN! THIS DISCOVERY WILL ASTOUND THE WORLD!
COME HERE! OUR COUNTER IS GOING CRAZY!
WHO WERE THESE PEOPLE, PAUL? THESE ARTIFACTS ARE ON A TECHNOLOGICAL LEVEL AS OUR OWN!
HOURS LATER...
HERE'S ANOTHER CAVE OPENING THERE! PERHAPS WE CAN EXPLORE THIS FABULOUS PLACE FURTHER!
I'M SURE THIS IS WHERE OUR SPECIMEN CAME FROM, JOHN... YET-- I CAN'T FIND A TRACE! THERE'S NOTHING HERE-- NOTHING!
PATIENCE... MAYBE IN THERE IS OUR ANSWER! STRANGE-- BUT THIS OPENING IS UNLIKE ALL THESE OTHERS...
DO YOU HEAR THAT? THE ROOF'S GIVING OVERHEAD! PAUL-- GOOD LORD! WE'RE IN THE MOUTH OF A--A GIANT!
GET BACK! QUICKLY!
PAUL--LET'S NOT GO IN! I-I HAVE A WEIRD PREMONITION SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE!
NONESENSE! WHAT COULD POSSIBLY HAPPEN?
RRRRRR

GRASH
NOW, IN A VOICE THAT RESEMBLED THUNDER, THE THING--OR WHATEVER IT WAS, ISSUED FORTH A BLAST THAT GRIPPED THE MINDS OF THE TERRIFIED MORTALS...
WHO DARES VIOLATE MY REPOSE? I HAVE AWOKEN--IT IS YOU, MANLINGS!
PAUL--DO YOU HEAR?
YES! THE SPEECH IS ARCHAIC, BUT RECOGNIZABLE! THIS IS THE MONSTER OUR BOOKS ON MYTHOLOGY SPOKE ABOUT! THIS IS THE "GIANT THAT WALKED THE EARTH" IN THE TIME OF THE GODS!
NO, PAUL! DON'T PAUL!
GET OUT OF HERE, JOHN--AND GOODBYE!
BOOOOOM!
HOW JOHN HARDING ESCAPED, HE NEVER KNEW! DAYS OF INSANITY CONTROLLED HIM... BUT SOMEHOW, HE WAS GOING BACK ON THE LONG, LONG TRAIL...
ONE MONTH LATER THEY FOUND HIM HALF-STARVED AND OUT OF HIS MIND. HE KEPT REPEATING OVER AND OVER AGAIN ONE FACT THAT BROUGHT PITY TO THOSE WHO HELD HIM...
THE GIANT HAD TWO HORNS AND A POINTED TAIL... TWO HORNS--PAUL KILLED THE DEVIL--HA, HA... AHA, HA, HA, HA!
THE END

The Deadly Oriental Fighting Art of Instantaneous Death That Requires No Strength or CLOSE BODY CONTACT.

★ Self-defense without torturous training or rigorous exercise.

★ Instant self-defense for the weak, the defenseless, the fearful and the untrained.

★ Makes your body a live fighting machine! Hands, feet, elbows even fingers become deadly weapons of defense.

★ Faster, deadlier and easier than Judo, Savate or Karate.

Revealed at last! The most secret, the most respected, the most effective of all the Oriental fighting arts—KUNG FU. *So simple that if you can read then you can easily master the theory of this "flick-of-the-wrist" technique.* **KUNG FU works on a secret principle yet its deadly force is easy to learn and easier still to apply. KUNG FU can take any one * without training and make him a fighting machine in seconds.**

THE SECRET OF KUNG FU REVEALED AT LAST

KUNG FU is a fantastic method of self-defense that was buried in the mysteries of the past. Once a part of a mystic Oriental rite, its deadly fighting secrets were only taught by Shaolin Priests to those considered worthy only after years of preparation and testing. KUNG FU was hidden from the public! Yet in spite of serious efforts to keep it from the world, word of its amazing power spread. Masters of other fighting arts soon learned to fear and respect its techniques. *They learned that KUNG FU harnesses certain dormant forces within you enabling you to disable and destroy with just a lightning flick-of-the-wrist and that KUNG FU requires no strength or extraordinary skills in fact KUNG FU's brilliant defense never requires strength size or undo exertion.*

HOW KUNG FU WORKS

KUNG FU is based on a simple yet lethally effective principle. *It is not necessary to physically match strength with your opponent in order to overcome his attack.* You harness the enormous natural power of your own movements. KUNG FU shows you how to take advantage of these fundamental laws of natural movement. Your rhythm is added to the very movement against you. . .so that **all forces are added together and unleased against your opponent.** This is KUNG FU—a force so simple yet so devastating that its techniques have stunned the world.

KUNG FU IS BETTER THAN OTHER FORMS OF SELF DEFENSE

KUNG FU is better than all other forms of self defense! Its secret lies in its simplicity and in its ability to overcome an attacker WITHOUT INTRICATE BODY CONTACT. Now, if you can read or look at pictures then you should be able to master the theory of this "flick-of-the-wrist" technique. YOU CAN WIN . EVEN IF YOUR OPPONENT IS BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN YOU! You can win if your attacker surprises you. And more . KUNG FU **means** deadly, often crippling self defense where **every part of your body is a fearful weapon.** Your feet, your hands, your elbows, your fingers become lethal weapons WITHOUT REQUIRING SUPER MUSCLE POWER OR BRUTE FORCE. And you can do all this without years of training, special exercises, and especially hundreds of dollars in cost.

WHAT KUNG FU WILL MEAN TO YOU

With so many crimes of violence about us you could be in danger—anytime - of being hurt or worse humiliated! BUT NOW YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. **You can protect yourself, your family and your property with deadly efficiency in mere seconds.** Yes, and you can do it without years of training, hundreds of dollars in cost, and without long, painful practice. Regardless of size, strength or build you can beat the bullies and better the odds. Thanks to KUNG FU you need never be afraid again. You too can learn to overcome the fear of being shamed. You too can be the one that gives the beating! You too can control threatening, dangerous situations.

WHY KUNG FU MAKES ALL THIS POSSIBLE

Why??? **Because KUNG FU is as deadly as it is simple.** And it works for anyone.* Other forms of self defense like Judo or Karate require something special such as strength, speed, etc. . . . to say nothing of endless practice. A judo Black Belt Master, for example, must practice technique after technique . and take years to master it all. NOT SO WITH KUNG FU! **It's based on an entirely different concept.** Technique and form aren't very important. DEFENSE IS! KUNG FU is designed to help you defend yourself in most situations* with *an absolute minimum in effort and a maximum in protection.*

COMPLETE COURSE REVEALED NOTHING ELSE TO LEARN

The SECRETS OF KUNG FU are fully revealed in one amazing "how to" book. The course comes complete and there's nothing else to learn or buy. You find all the secrets, principles and techniques simple to master and easy to apply. You don't need any special apparatus or practice dummies. And once you master the SECRETS OF KUNG FU you can forget about other systems and other methods. Now in the privacy of your home, you can learn the deadliest fighting secrets of all time *at your very own pace!* In just minutes you can find out how to deliver a crippling blow that leaves your opponent powerless and more . in seconds you can learn how to destroy your attacker's ability to fight . and much, much more. The fully revealed SECRETS OF KUNG FU, are so sensational that we make you this surprising UNCONDITIONAL 3 WAY GUARANTEE. You must be satisfied not just one way but fully 3 different ways or it costs you nothing.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
3 WAYS OR MONEY BACK AT ANY TIME

We're so sure that SECRETS OF KUNG FU is everything you'll ever want or need we make this unprecedented 3 Way Guarantee: (1) You must be absolutely and completely satisfied with the SECRETS OF KUNG FU and (2) KUNG FU must never fail you, in fact, KUNG FU must help you turn every threatening "confrontation" into victory and (3) KUNG FU must give you a sense of confidence and assurance you've never had before. Yes SECRETS OF KUNG FU must do all this and more or return **at any time** for a refund of your purchase price with no questions asked. You are the sole judge . . could anything be fairer?

NO RISK OFFER
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CAPITAL ENTERPRISES, Dept 106
227 East 45 Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Rush me the complete course of SECRETS OF KUNG FU. You guarantee me complete satisfaction 3 Ways . or I'll return the course at any time I wish for a refund of my purchase price and there will be no questions asked. I promise in return to use the deadly knowledge of KUNG FU for defense only and that I will never use its secrets as an aggressor ever.

I enclose $5 in ☐Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Please add 50¢ additional to cover postage and handling) SORRY NO COD's.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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*We do not claim that physically handicapped or other disadvantaged persons can perform these feats. Nor are these techniques claimed to be effective against anyone armed with a loaded gun.

THE PREMIERE

■ He stumbled into the cafe, and steadied himself against the wall. During a few seconds, he had to close his eyes against the painful tornado of light, which engulfed him in colored waves. The darkness was behind him now, a still beckoning protection. How easy it would be to let loose his last hold on the world, and drown in the waves of nocturnal obscurity.

But no! He had to hold on, he had to accept the weakness and the pain, and fight them. Slowly, he opened his eyes, letting the light come in in small shards, glittering daggers thrust in his pupils. He waited until he was able to control all his muscles completely, before he risked moving his feet again. *Careful,* he said to himself, a whispered draught, *very careful now.* He started concentrating on the difficult art of walking. *First the left foot, yes, like that.* Very slowly. God, his knees felt like rubber, they threatened to melt under his weight and flow away over the floor. His feet were as two enormous lead blocks, trailing behind him. *Now the right foot, move it forward, slowly, easy, yes, yes! That's it. Now again the left one.* He stumbled again, cursing himself. *Don't give up, damn you, damn the weakness and the hurt. But DON'T give up.* Carefully, foot by foot, moving forward as an automation, a will-controlled machine, he walked to the bar.

A few customers looked at him curiously, wondering. *Don't think about them, let them look and think whatever pleases them in their cursed narrow minds.* Probably they all htought he was dead drunk. But he wasn't, no matter how he looked or acted. It was a week since he had tasted anything else but water. That was why he

had come to the cafe in the first place, because he NEEDED a drink, more than anything else in the world right now.

This evening was the premiere. HIS premiere, the first showing of the latest creation of Gordon Ashley, world famous actor, well-known playwright and connoisseur of the classics, who had made his world-fam bey his disputed modern interpretation of some of Shakespeare's works. This evening, for the first time, he, Gordon Ashley, would play the leading part in one of his works, *The First Thunder of May,* a violent satire on *Hamlet.* He had reached the bar now. He took a deep breath, the air hissing between his bared teeth. His lungs the waver in his voice, without dreadfully. He tried to control much success. He asked for a strong cognac, knowing in advance that the stuff he'd get would only be a weak substitute. Still, it was better than nothing.

The barkeeper took a good look at him, and asked for immediate payment. "It is usual here, sir," he apoligized; "too many customers, you know." *And too many drunks, no doubt,* Gordon completed the unspoken thought for himself. He paid, and pocketed the change loosely. He reached for the Napoleon glass, constraining the tremor of his hands. *Concentrate,* his mind khispered, *concentrate, make your brain a computer, your body a machine. You must strengthen your muscles, as wheels o fthat machine; you must form metal claws in which you hold your weak body prisoner.*

His arm became a level, his hand a forceps. Concentrate, that's it. He was going to make it, all right, weakness or not. His fingers stopped trembling. He took the glass and drank, not in one draught, but with small sips, rinsing his plate. He felt the fire drip down into his inside, burning, giving his body the force so badly. He paid for a second drink. His speech became more easy, less less painful, less hurting. A numbness settled over his stomach, and slowly the world stopped spiinning around like a madhouse.

How had he arrived here, in fact? The last thing he clearly remembered, was seeing the light of the cafe in front of him. And before there was a vague memory of a long walk, of crawling, of a constantly mounting tiredness, and the nagging weakness of his body.

"Well, what a surprise," a voice said behind him. He didn't know, or maybe didn't recognize the voice. He half turned, groaning inside, *Oh no, not again, now now!* Not another autograph hunter, o ra reporter, or one of those who wanted to be able to say, "You Know Whom I Talked To Last Night?"

"Sorry, I hope I'm not disturbing you," the stranger said, "but you ARE Gordon Asley, THE Gordon Ashley, aren't you? The man who never missed a single performance. You don't know ME of course, I'm Marvin Destanberg, a great admirer of you."

"That's fine, thanks," Gordon Ashley murmured, ignoring the offered hand. His mind was in turmoil—*no, please, no conversation now.* He had to concentrate on that part he had to play within the next hour. And therefore he needed alcohol, to keep him upright, and not leaning against the bar as he was doing now, to bring some strength into those damned weak legs. To keep his mind on the act, not on what had happened.

The stranger was not to be offended so easily. He just kept on spilling words in a steady, drowning flood of meaningless sounds. "Just imagine when I tell my wife I've been speaking with THE Gordon Ashley, the actor whose name will be all over town tomorrow. Gordon Asley, the man who disappears mysteriously during a few weeks to study his part, and who reappears the evening of the show. You'll give me your autograph, will you?" God, if he only could get rid of this nuisance, shake him as he would an annoying insert.

"Of course, with pleasure," he heard his own voice murmur hoarsely. He saw the strange expression on his listener's face. *He must be thinking I'm loaded,* Gordon thought. *Let him think, let them all think what they like, and curse their demned minds. Just let them come and watch* First Thunder of May *this evening, then they'll see real acting.*

His shaking fingers searched for his pen, without finding it; and finally he grabbed the ballpoint his admirer offffered him. He scribbled his name on the piece of paper, loosely torn from an old note-book his admirer had in his pocket.

The world around him was turning slowly, very slowly. There were immense black holes in the world, and he feared falling through one. He had to get out of here. He couldn't concentrate here, and it was so necessary for the piece. This show just had to go on; it was his own, all his very own flesh and blood and mind. He had carried it as a pregnancy, and now he had to give birth and life to it. Never he had missed a premiere, and he wouldn't now.

He excused himself and reeled outside, followed by the soft whispering from the crowd, from which he catched a remark here and there, sticking on his mind, like flies on flypaper: "disappointing . . . such a personality . . . I wonder how he will ever be able just drink . . . they all drink, my dear, my mother always said . . ."

Th iediots, the damned poor idiots if they could only know. But let them laugh, let them whisper behind his back. He, Gordon Ashley, would stand before them this evening in the cold-burning lights, and the theater an empty hole before him, and he would be as calm, as powerful as ever.

Night was a protecting cloak, gathered around him as he walked. He looked at his watch. The glass was broken and wet; the hands stood still. He must have bumped into something on his way to the cafe. Perhaps he had fallen . . . His eyes searched—yes, there was a jeweler's shop, with a big clock outside it. Half-past seven already; he'd have to hurry —he'd never get there on time if he walked. He needed a taxi, quickly.

Luck was with me. He gave the driver a large tip. Staggering into the artist's entrance, he again tried to steady himself against the wall. Another actor saw him and tried to help, but Ashley re-

jected the offered hands. He managed to get into his dressing room on his own, and seated himself before the large make-up mirror. With trembling hands, he sought the bottle which was in the lowest drawer of his desk, and drank from it. If he could only get rid of this weakness, he'd manage the evening, although he could feel somethnig of his confidence leaving him.

For a few seconds, the alcohol brought back some of his strength, but then the coldness returned and left his body shivering, as if icy water ran through his veins.

He started making up. In the mirror, he saw Rena enter and look at him. She wrinkled her nose, one of her annoying habits, which he had put to excellent use, however, in the play, in which she was his opposite number this evening.

"They told me you were drunk," she said, "and I can smell it till here. Drinking is not one of your bad habits, whatever the rest are. What's going wrong, Gordon? You think you'll manage the show this evening?" He went on shading his eyes and adjusting the small moustache. He didn't trust his voice enough to answer her, he only gave her a short nod.

"You DO look sick," she said. Another nod. She waited, but he didn't venture furture explanations. He waited for her to ask if she should get a doctor, but she only shrugged and went out. He tried to stop the shaking, which was spoiling his delicate make-up. But he couldn't, his hands seemed to possess a life of their own, they were like trembling, pulsating jelly fish, boneless. He closed his eyes, and concentrated. He almost felt his own will-power gliding through his nerves and steadying his hands. He got up and managed to walk, without stumbling too much. Through a tear in the curtain, he took a look into the house. Completely full. Good. This evening they would see what real acting was like. He'd finished his make-up just in time.

The music started, and the buzz faded away into an expectant silence. He gave a short sign to Rena. The curtain opened, and *The First Thunder of May* began. Rena gave an excellent introductory performance as the slightly neurotic woman. He caught himself making content little nods with his head, she really WAS the woman he had written in his play.

With steady steps, he walked onto the stage, in the blinding lights. He was full of confidence now. This was his creation, every word of it, each little movement of his hands was his very own. He had given them to the public, he was giving them now. This was no stage, this was his reality. He played for himself, as he would for an empty house. The words, the sentences that came rolling out, his movements weren't made, they were HIS. Nobody even so much as whispered in the auditorium.

But deep in him, he felt the weakness, waiting, lurking. And then, in the midst of an important sentence, he faltered. He saved himself by improvising a coughing-fit. As he was playing a sick person, nobody noticed. But Rena had to whisper the next cue, and her words seemed to come from an enormous distance. Then during a hurried movement, his left leg refused. It was as if all his muscles suddenly decided to rebel. A fain murmur went through the audience . . . So they had noticed this time. More and more he ha dto search for his lines, new falterings came, as if there were empty places in his memory. Sometimes he could save his face by improvisation, but not always. He saw the surprised and slightly accusing looks of Rena. He thonught he saw the banker, who financed the play, behind the curtains, in a heated discussion with one of the other leading actors.

Gordon knew he was acting badly now. All his talent seemed to have left him. More gaps appeared in his memory, as if something was stealing everything straight from his brain, taking whole parts away. Sudden cramps of his muscles made his body do strange and bizarre movements, not unlike a badly controlled puppet.

The fluid hand movements, of which he had always been so proud, became wooden, his voice turned raucous, the words jerky. He felt sick, sick, the darkness in him came up as vomit, in great black clouding gulps, swallowing him. He felt the concetrating will-power leading away from his body, as if it were running out of his very pores. His mind went white, then black, and there were no sounds, no lights left. He knew he had lost then, and once so far, it was so easy to stop all struggle, give up completely and surrender to the dark waves, which carried him with them into the sea. The toothless mouth, and in that world was a black hole, a gaping, mouth, faces, countless white faces looking surprised and somewhat frightened up at him. He had done his best for them, but he hadn't strength to keep it up. butHe opened his mouth, but no sounds came. Something wet ran from his eye-sockets and dripped red on the floor of the stake.

Then someone started screaming in the audience.

"Curtain, curtain!" Rena shrieked. The curtain crashed down, but too late to hide from the public that which still stood upright on the scene, a few seconds, before its legs bent and fell down.

Gordon Ashley accepted the darkness and the weakness now. There was no stage, no world, only black wings, coming closer and closer . . .

fAter two pale agents had covered that which was lying on the stage with a sheet, the real inquisition started. They found Gordon's car finally, near the cliffs by the sea, party under water, where it had been lying for over a week. The door was open, and on a few places, where the sea didn't reach the sand, they found the trail, where something had worked itself out of the sea. Something which was no longer alive, but not quite dead either—a mass of bones and already rotting muscles and disintegrating flesh, which, driven by fanatic will-power, had wrestled itself out of the wrecked car, and had come back for Gordon Ashley's premiere. ●

beyond EVIL

IT IS TRULY WRITTEN BY THOSE WHO BELIEVE THAT BEYOND THIS WORLD THERE ARE OTHER WORLDS... BUT WHOEVER MET ONE FROM ACROSS THE RIVER STYX???

GO BACK! BACK TO THE SPIRIT WORLD!

NO! I HAVE BEEN DEAD LONG ENOUGH!

JAN, IT IS I WHO IS HAPPY AT THE THOUGHT OF MARRYING YOU!
WE WILL ARRANGE FOR A VERY BIG WEDDING FOUR WEEKS FROM TODAY!
AND THEN, YOU WILL STOP THIS WORK WITH THE SPIRITS! IT IS NOT NATURAL--
ALL RIGHT! WHEN I BECOME A BRIDE, I STOP BEING A MEDIUM!
OUTSIDE THE GYPSY CAMP, OTHER PLANS--WERE BEING DISCUSSED!
WE CAN DO IT, BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE WATCHMAN!
IF HE GETS IN THE WAY WE JUST PLUG HIM!
THAT'S NOT SMART!
IT SURE WAS A SAD DAY FOR US WHEN BRITT GOT KILLED IN THAT GUN FIGHT!
YEAH! I WISH HE WAS HERE TO PLAN THIS CAPER!
AND AS FATE DECIDED, ONE OF THE PLOTTERS NOTICED THE SIGN OF CANTINA, THE GYPSY SPIRITUALIST..
HEY! THAT SIGN GIVES ME AN IDEA! MAYBE THAT MEDIUM CAN GET US IN TOUCH WITH BRITT!
AW-W G'WAN!
YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT JUNK, DO YOU ERNIE?
CANTINA SPIRIT MEDIUM
I DON'T USUALLY, BUT I'M WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING ONCE! MAYBE WE CAN CONTACT BRITT!
WHY KID OURSELVES... THAT STUFF DOESN'T WORK!
SOON, THE THREE GUNMEN FIND THEMSELVES INSIDE THE GYPSY'S WAGON...
...AND WE'LL GIVE YOU ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IF YOU CONTACT THE SPIRIT OF JOE BRITT!
CANTINA! I MUST SEE YOU AT ONCE!

SLOWLY THE MEDIUM SANK INTO A STUPOR-LIKE TRANCE! HER BREATH CAME HEAVILY! WEIRD NOISES SOUNDED IN THE DARKENED ROOM AS SPIRITS IMPRISONED IN THEIR OWN WORLD TRIED FEVERISHLY TO SEEK THE MEDIUM THROUGH WHICH THEY COULD RETURN TO THE WORLD OF THE MORTALS!

BRITT, WE WANT TO ROB THE EMERY WAREHOUSE BUT WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THE WATCHMAN!
TIE HIM AND LEAVE HIM IN THE TIMEKEEPERS SHACK!

COME TO ME ANY TIME YOU NEED ME!

BRITT VANISHED AND CANTINA AWOKE FROM HER SLEEP...
YOU WERE GREAT! WE SAW BRITT PLAIN AS DAY!

IT'S WEIRD! HOW DO YOU DO IT?
I AM TOLD BY MY PEOPLE. IT'S A GIFT!

WELL, IT'S JUST WHAT WE WANT! HERE'S TWO "C" NOTES AND YOU'LL GET MORE EACH SESSION!
SO MUCH MONEY? THIS IS WONDERFUL!

YOU JUST BRING BACK JOE BRITT WHENEVER WE NEED HIM!
YEAH! WE'LL BE SEEING YOU!

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL! JAN! WE'LL BE RICH!
CANTINA! IT'S WRONG! THESE MEN ARE USING YOUR MYSTICAL POWERS FOR CRIMINAL ACTS! I BEG OF YOU... DON'T DO IT!

BUT CANTINA'S DESIRES OVERCAME JAN'S OBJECTIONS, AND SOON THE SUMMONING OF JOE BRITT BECAME A REGULAR EVENT WITH GANG...

YOU MEN JUST FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS AND THE JOB'LL WORK OUT ALL RIGHT!

SURE BRITT... WE'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

THE CRIMINALS PROSPERED UNDER THE ARRANGEMENT AND THEN, ONE NIGHT...

MOAN... OOOH!

ERNIE! WAKE UP!

WHA-- OH!

YOU MUST HAVE BEEN HAVING A NIGHTMARE!

I JUST HAD A DREAM! BRITT TOLD ME HE WAS TIRED OF LIVING IN THE SPIRIT WORLD AND WANTS TO COME BACK TO EARTH! HE SAID TO HAVE THE MEDIUM BRING HIM BACK IN AND HE'LL TELL US WHAT TO DO THEN!

THE NEXT DAY THE MEN TOLD CANTINA THAT THEY WANTED TO SEE THE FULL BODY OF JOE BRITT!

I **WON'T** LET HER DO IT! CANTINA GIVES OF HERSELF WHEN THE SPIRIT TAKES SHAPE AND SHOULD ANYTHING HAPPEN DURING THE SEANCE IT WOULD BE DANGEROUS FOR HER!

The POWER OF MONEY WON OVER JAN'S PROTESTS! SOON CANTINA WAS IN HER TRANCE, INVITING THE APPEARANCE OF JOE BRITT!

IT WAS SEVERAL MINUTES BEFORE JAN COULD BRING HIMSELF TO APPROACH THE ONCE BEAUTIFUL CANTINA! THEN SLOWLY HE BROUGHT HER BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS!

JAN SEARCHED THE CITY STALKING ALL WHO COULD LEAD HIM TO THE UNDER-WORLD LEADER, AND FINALLY...

JAN SAW THAT PLEADING WOULD DO NO GOOD, SO...

NO ONE'S GOING TO SIC THE COPS ON US! LOOK OUT, BRITT! I'LL GET HIM!
HE'S DEAD!
HURRY UP AND GET HIS BODY OUT OF HERE!
DAYS LATER JAN'S BODY WAS DISCOVERED NO CLUES AS TO THE IDENTITY OF HIS MURDERER BUT CANTINA KNEW VERY WELL...
I WILL SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN, MY DARLING! I WILL REACH YOUR SPIRIT!
FOR DAYS, CANTINA EXHAUSTED HERSELF IN AN EFFORT TO CONTACT JAN'S SPIRIT!
WHERE ARE YOU, JAN? I FEEL THAT YOU ARE TRYING TO REACH ME! PLEASE TRY HARDER!
MEANWHILE, ANXIOUS TO RIGHT THE WRONG CANTINA'S GREED HAD DONE, JAN SOUGHT TO CONTACT HER TOO!
CANTINA! I HEAR YOU BUT I CANNOT FIND YOU!
I GOT TO FIND YOU! I'VE GOT TO COME BACK AND FORCE JOE BRITT BACK TO THE SPIRIT WORLD!
I SHALL NOT BE ABLE TO REST UNTIL THE EVIL THAT HAS BEEN DONE IS RIGHTED!

And AFTER A FEVERISH SEARCH, THE SPIRIT OF JAN FINALLY BROKE THROUGH!

BY COMING BACK, I AM TAKING MORE **LIFE** OUT OF YOU, MY PRECIOUS, BUT SOON, ALL WILL BE OVER AND WHEN YOU AWAKEN, YOU WILL BE YOUR BEAUTIFUL YOUNG SELF AGAIN!

WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE NEED NO LONGER FEAR EARTHLY HARM, JAN WENT DIRECTLY TO THE APARTMENT OF JOE BRITT!

JOE BRITT, I HAVE COME TO TAKE YOU **BACK** TO THE WORLD OF THE **DEAD!**

IT'S THAT **GYPSY** GUY AGAIN!

THE BULLETS **DON'T** HURT HIM!

YOU FORGET THAT I AM ALREADY **DEAD...**

BANG BANG BANG

WITH A CRY OF PENT UP RAGE JAN THREW HIMSELF ON THE MAN WHO RUINED HIS LIFE!

BY KILLING ME, YOU GAVE ME THE ONLY MEANS OF MASTERING YOU!

UGH!

STOP HIM, YOU FOOLS!

HOW CAN WE? OUR BULLETS DON'T HURT HIM!

And SOON, JAN RETURNED TO THE SEANCE WITH BRITT!

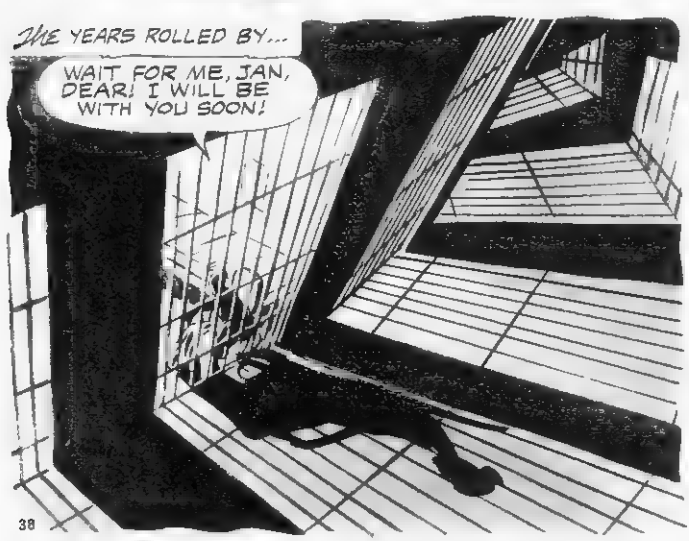
BACK! BACK INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD WHERE YOU BELONG! THE YEARS YOU HAVE TAKEN FROM CANTINA WILL RETURN TO HER!

BUT JAN WAS DISMAYED TO SEE THAT CANTINA'S FACE REMAINED WRINKLED!

CANTINA! HE HAS GONE BACK BUT YOU REMAIN THE SAME! I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!

PERHAPS WITH MY RETURN, YOU WILL REGAIN PART OF THE LIFE THAT WAS BORROWED FROM YOU! FAREWELL MY LOVE!
WHEN CANTINA EMERGED FROM HER TRANCE, SHE NO LONGER REPRESENTED GREAT AGE, BUT THE STRAIN AND THE PAIN ON HER LIFE HAD TAKEN ITS TOLL...
I KNOW WHAT JAN HAS DONE! NOW IT IS UP TO ME TO DO WHAT HE COULD NOT DO!

CANTINA CONFESSED TO THE POLICE THAT SHE HAD HELPED WITH THE CRIMES!
WITH YOUR CONFESSION WE'LL BE ABLE TO NAIL THE ENTIRE GANG!
ON CHARGES OF ROBBERY AND MURDER!
DO YOU REALIZE YOU'LL GO TO PRISON AS AN ACCOMPLICE?
I'M GUILTY! I KNOW--


THE YEARS ROLLED BY...
WAIT FOR ME, JAN, DEAR! I WILL BE WITH YOU SOON!

WE LEAVE THE AGING CANTINA NOW! HEE-HEE! BUT IT WILL BE MANY YEARS BEFORE SHE JOINS HER JAN! SHE IS GOING TO PAY FOR THE GREED IN HER HEART MANY TIMES OVER! HEE-HEE! HEEEEE!
THE END

THE NIGHT DESCENDS... AND ALL THE CREATURES OF EARTH CURL UP FOR SLEEP, BUT ALIVE AND LURKING, IS ONE THAT HOWLS WITH EVIL GLEE... A CREATURE SHUNNED BY MAN AND BEAST, THAT KILLS BY FANG AND CLAW... A HORROR THAT WAITS FOR A...

WEREWOLF!

SO DEVASTATING HAD BEEN HIS FRIEND'S CRITICISM THAT ALEX NOME CONSIDERED THE CHEMICAL THEORY... LATER, IN HIS OWN ROOM...
OKAY... IF THEY WANT PROOF, I'LL SHOW THEM! I'LL DUPLICATE GAROU'S ENTIRE EXPERIMENT!

...BUT I'LL NEED "WOLF BANE" CRYSTALS AND GAROU'S NOTES SAY THAT HE WAS TO BE BURIED WITH THE CRYSTALS WHEN HE DIED! MY ONLY SOURCE THEN... IS GAROU'S GRAVE!

LUPE GAROU, THE MAN WHO HAD PERPETRATED THE HOAX OF THE CENTURY, LAY ENTOMBED IN A WEED-CHOKED CEMETERY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN... TWO NIGHTS LATER...
I MUST'VE BEEN CRAZY TO COME HERE! IF THE POLICE CATCH ME, I'M SUNK!

MAYBE LARRY AND RUSSEL ARE RIGHT! ME AND MY INSANE THEORIES! WHO EVER HEARD OF SOMEONE WANTING TO BE BURIED WITH WOLF BANE? WELL SOON FIND OUT...

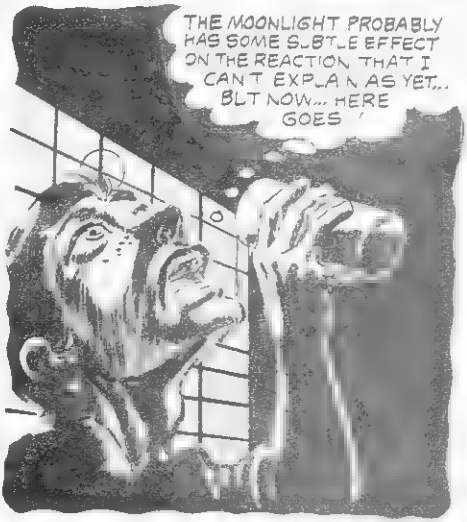
GREAT SCOTT!! H-HE WAS RIGHT!! LOOK AT HIS FACE!

IT'S TRUE THEN! LUPE GAROU DELIBERATELY COMMITTED SUICIDE BY INHALING THE CHOKING VAPORS OF WOLF BANE! THE TOWNSPEOPLE MUST HAVE BURIED HIM WITH THE REST OF THE CRYSTALS AS HE DIRECTED, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO!! INCREDIBLE!

LATER...
THINK OF IT, DARLING... THE MINUTE I ANNOUNCE MY DISCOVERY, SCIENCE WILL STRIDE AHEAD!
OH, PLEASE ALEX! STOP TALKING IN MELODRAMATIC CLICHES!

COME NOW! ADMIT YOU'RE JOKING! WEREWOLVES, CHEMICAL REACTIONS: HA, HA! I'D RATHER YOU TOLD ME YOU LOVED ME!
YOU KNOW I DO, ALICE... BUT I'M DEADLY EARNEST ABOUT THIS AND I'LL PROVE IT.

MIDNIGHT... AND THE FULL OF THE MOON OVER THE LAND... LARGE... OMINOUS... THE PORTENT OF DEATH...
I'VE MELTED ALL THE CRYSTALS INTO THE FLUID AND NOW... ACCORDING TO GAROU'S FORMULA, I MUST DRINK IT AT MIDNIGHT AT FULL MOON!


THE MOONLIGHT PROBABLY HAS SOME SUBTLE EFFECT ON THE REACTION THAT I CAN'T EXPLAIN AS YET... BUT NOW... HERE GOES!

ARRGH! MY THROAT... ON FIRE! FEEL STRANGE... DIZZY... SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO ME...

IT WORKED! I HAVE A DESIRE TO KILL-- KILL! HA, HA!

LATER...ON THE STREET...
GETTING A BIT CHILLY LATELY! THINK I'LL WEAR MY WINTER COAT TOMORROW!

AAGGH! LET GO!. W-WHAT DO YOU WANT? AGGHH--!
...KILL KILL KILL!

YAA-A-AHHH!

And THE BEAST OF HORROR STRUCK AGAIN... AGAIN... AND AGAIN AND...

AND WHEN DAWN CAME...
OHHH-H...WHERE AM I? W-WHAT HAVE I DONE? I--I KILLED! HEAVEN HELP ME!

But DAWN ALSO BROUGHT HORRIBLE NEWS AND FEAR TO ALEX NOME...
EXTRA! EXTRA! NIGHT-FIEND STRIKES! FIVE DIE HORRIBLY!
I-I'M GOING TO GIVE MYSELF UP! I'LL TELL RUSSEL AND LARRY EVERYTHING!
ALEX! I'VE TRIED TO REACH YOU ALL MORNING! THAT BUSINESS ABOUT THE WEREWOLF! FANTASTIC, BUT WE HAVE TO KNOW! YOU... YOU MUST HAVE BEEN JOKING...
OF COURSE I WAS! A MANIAC IS...IS LOOSE... AND IT KILLS LIKE A BEAST! THERE'S NO OTHER EXPLANATION!

ALEX DIDN'T KNOW WHAT MADE HIM LIE BECAUSE NOW HE WAS TWO PEOPLE... AN EVIL MONSTER ENCASED IN THE BODY OF A YOUNG MAN! LATER...
I CAN'T GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN!! WHAT A FOOL I WAS! IT'S MIDNIGHT ONCE MORE... I...I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE!!
BUT I FEEL SO STRANGE... LIKE BEFORE...I--I'M TURNING...TURNING--
GROW-WRR-R! HA-HA! THIS IS HOW IT SHOULD BE! I'M STRONG AND EAGER... AND THE MOON CALLS! HA-HA...

And TO THE ONE PERSON SO DEAR, THE BEAST STEALTHILY STALKED... TO DESTROY HIS LAST BARRIER TO NORMALCY...
I SHALL RIP OPEN HER DELICIOUS THROAT TONIGHT... HA, HA!
CLOSER I COME TO HER WARM BLOOD! SEE HOW FRIGHTENED SHE IS! NOW...NOW...
EEEEE

ALICE!! AND... AND... GOOD LORD! ALEX!

ALEX LETS GO OF THE GIRL AND ATTACKS HIS FRIEND...
HE_P: HELP! CAN'T F GHT H.M... MUCH... LONGER...!!

SUDDENLY THE POLICE ARRIVE BUT THE MENACE TURNS AND RUNS...
HEY, YOU! STOP!!
N-NO!! DON'T SHOOT HIM! HE'S SICK!!

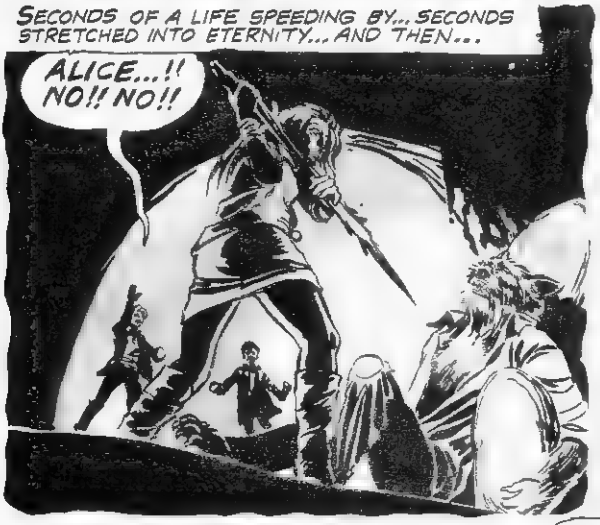
LATER...
IT'S ALMOST MORNING...THEY'LL FIND ME SOON! I CAN'T LET THEM TAKE ME! I-I WON'T BE ABLE TO DIE! I HAVEN'T GONE BACK TO MY HUMAN FORM! THE CHEM CA_ REACTION MUST HAVE BEEN PERMANENT!

IF THEY TRY TO EXECUTE ME, I'LL LIVE TO KILL AGAIN! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS! GAROU MENTIONED HYPNOSIS OF ONE'S VICTIMS... FORGIVE ME, MY DARLING FOR WHAT I AM ABOUT TO DO...

MEANWHILE, BACK IN ALEX'S ROOM...
TRY TO CARRY OUT HIS EXPERIMENT TO THE LETTER, LARRY! WE MUST HAVE AN ANTI-DOTE QUICKLY!
BETTER STILL... I'M GOING TO DRINK THE SAME CONCOCTION ALEX MADE! HERE GOES!

ONE HOUR LATER...
IT'S AS WE FEARED! THIS SOLUTION HAS ABSOLUTELY NO EFFECT!
YES!! ALL THIS IS NOTHING BUT WASTED EFFORT! POOR ALEX!

ALEX IS ON MOON HILL! HE HAS ALICE UP THERE! THE POLICE SAW HER WALKING UP THERE ALONE! THAT'S HOW THEY FOUND HIM! THEY'RE GOING TO CLOSE IN!
LET'S GO! COME ON, LARRY, I KNOW A SHORT CUT!


SECONDS OF A LIFE SPEEDING BY... SECONDS STRETCHED INTO ETERNITY... AND THEN...
ALICE...!! NO!! NO!!

YIEEEE!!

POLICE, MORBID PEOPLE... REPORTERS... A CRYING GIRL WAKING UP FROM HER TRANCE... BUT MORE STARTLING... THE FACE OF THE BEAST...
WHY... HE'S NORMAL... NORMAL IN EVERY WAY!
YES, RUSSEL... IN EVER WAY...

...EXCEPT IN HIS MIND! INSANITY MADE HIM THINK HE WAS A WEREWOLF! BUT REASON RECONQUERED FOR A WHILE MAKING HIM WANT TO KILL HIMSELF! WHAT BETTER WAY THAN TO HAVE HIS SWEETHEART DO IT? YES, INSANITY WAS THE HORRIBLE BEAST... NOT HIS EXPERIMENTS!
BUT HOW DID ALICE KNOW HE WAS HERE? HOW DID SHE KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM? EXPLAIN THAT IF YOU CAN!! EXPLAIN IT!!
THE END

THE VAMPIRE CAPER

BUT OLD MATT HAD GOTTEN A LOOK AT THE TRIO AND WITHIN MINUTES HE WAS TELLING HIS STORY...

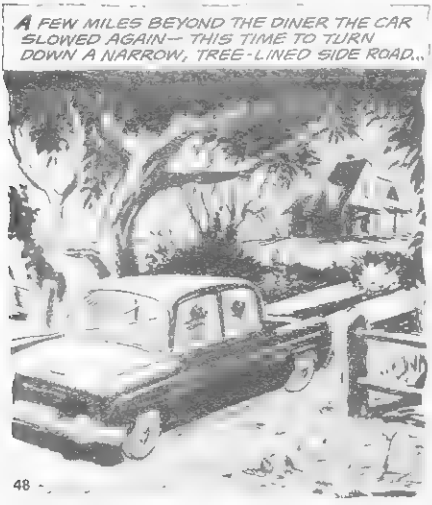
BUT THE "RATS" SEEMED FAR FROM TRAPPED AS THEIR POWERFUL CAR PURRED DOWN THE HIGHWAY...
TAKE CARE OF OUR CARGO, VLADO! IT'S GOING TO PROVIDE US WITH EASY LIVING FOR A LONG TIME!
JOE, DARLING, THIS PLAN WAS SHEER GENIUS! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY!

LET'S STOP A MINUTE! I JUST WANT TO LOOK AT IT!
PATIENCE, BELOVED!

ON THE STEPS OF THE "OWL NITE DINER" A TRUCK DRIVER LIT A CIGARETTE AND IDLY NOTED A BLACK SEDAN WHICH HAD SLOWED TO LET A TRAILER-TRUCK PULL OUT IN FRONT OF IT!

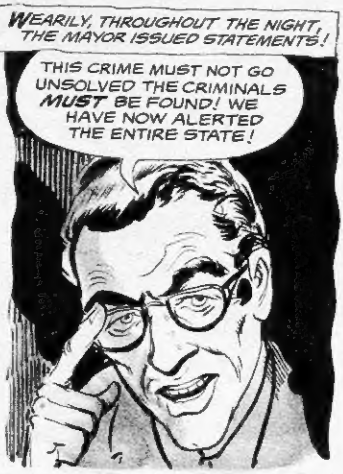
THEN, AS THE CAR PULLED AROUND THE TRUCK AND HISSED AWAY, HIS JAW DROPPED...

THE THIEVES... THAT RADIO ALARM.. THEY JUST PASSED... PHONE WHERE'S THE PHONE?


A FEW MILES BEYOND THE DINER THE CAR SLOWED AGAIN— THIS TIME TO TURN DOWN A NARROW, TREE-LINED SIDE ROAD...

...AND MINUTES LATER CHIEF RAEFORD'S MEN, ALERTED BY THE TRUCK DRIVER'S TIP, SPED DOWN THE HIGHWAY... PAST THE QUIET LITTLE ROAD!

MEANWHILE, IN MILLVALE, THE OFFICIALS GREW MORE AND MORE CONCERNED!
ARE YOU SURE OF THOSE DESCRIPTIONS, MATT?
I DON'T CARE HOW TIRED YOU ARE! STAY AT THE STATION TILL SOMETHING BREAKS!
LAB REPORTS NO FINGER-PRINTS, CHIEF!
EDITOR


WEARILY, THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, THE MAYOR ISSUED STATEMENTS!
THIS CRIME MUST NOT GO UNSOLVED THE CRIMINALS MUST BE FOUND! WE HAVE NOW ALERTED THE ENTIRE STATE!

CEASELESSLY, THE POLICE CARS COMBED EVERY ROAD... AND THEN BEGAN ALL OVER...
THEY MUST BE HOLED UP SOMEWHERE BY NOW, ED!
YEAH! WE'LL HAVE TO START BEATING THE BUSHES! THESE ROADS ARE BLOCKED SO TIGHT YOU COULDN'T GET A BICYCLE THROUGH!

OK, I'LL SEARCH THE OLD ARDMORE PLACE IF YOU'LL TAKE THE NEXT FARMHOUSE!
YOU KNOW THAT DUMP'S BEEN VACANT FOR 20 YEARS! NO SIR! WE'LL GO WAKE UP THE FARMERS AND GET YELLED AT TOGETHER!

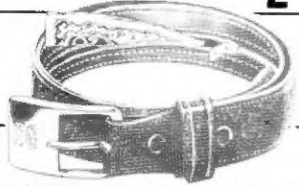
AS EACH LEAD CAME IN, CHIEF RAEFORD'S HOPES ROSE... ONLY TO BE DASHED EACH TIME!
THE SEDAN THE OLD LADY IN GAYNOR COUNTY SPOTTED TURNED OUT TO BE A BLUE CONVERTIBLE...
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!

THE EDITOR OF THE MILLVALE TIMES SEEMED RELUCTANT TO PRINT A SENSATIONAL STORY...
THIS CRIME AFFECTS EVERYONE IN MILLVALE! WE'LL HOLD UP THE STORY TILL THE LAST MINUTE!

IF THE CHIEF CAN SMOKE OUT THOSE LOUSES BEFORE MORNING, MAYBE WE CAN KILL THE WHOLE STORY, BOSS!
SPEAKING OF KILLING, I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE... THOSE...

CONTINUED ON BACK COVER

SAFEGUARD YOUR VALUABLES
SECRET POCKET MONOGRAMMED
MONEY BELT Only $2.98



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Just send $1.00 plus 35c to cover postage and handling for each monster you want. ORDER TWO AND SAVE. (The same 35c for postage and handling applies to orders for TWO MONSTERS—a total of 2 for $2.35.) Your money back if not satisfactorily horrified.

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50-22 Cal. Pellets Free.

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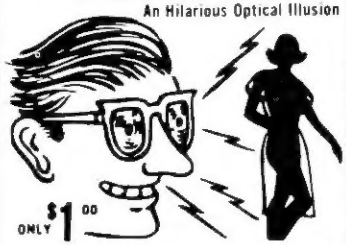
An Hilarious Optical Illusion



ONLY $1.00

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Color or Black & White

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FEATURES:

- Sturdy Construction
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HAVE ALL THE FUN OF PRIVATE MOVIES NOW AT THIS LOW PRICE

Precision engineered and compact. Completely portable in its own case. Needs no electric outlet since it is battery operated. So simple and safe to use even a child can operate it. Its double lens focusing is sure and easy for bright, clear pictures.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL—Money back guarantee on 10 day free trial. Don't delay—send $6.98 plus 75c for postage and handling or send $1.00 good will deposit and pay postman balance on delivery plus C.O.D. and postage charges. Add $2.98 for each pair of additional "Miracle Specs."

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WE'RE RUNNING THE STORY, MR. MAYOR! THE WHOLE TOWN'S BOUND TO FIND OUT, AND MAYBE IF WE EXPLAIN...
HOW CAN WE EXPLAIN, JESS EVERYBODY IN TOWN WENT TO THAT BANK! THEY'VE ALL GOT A STAKE IN THIS ROBBERY!
BUT MILLVALE'S LOSS WAS CLEAR PROFIT FOR THE CHILLING COMBO AT ARDMORE HOUSE, AND THEY PLANNED TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT!
LET'S HAVE A REAL CELEBRATION!
OH, YES! WE'LL EVEN GET DRESSED UP!
WHILE JOE AND MAGDA DRESSED VLADO FIXED THE REFRESHMENTS! HE LIT THE CANDLES AND SET THE DECANTER NEXT TO THE WINE GLASSES! PERFECT!
(HUMS) "I'VE GOT YOU UNDER... MMMM!"
AND HIS EFFORT WAS DULY NOTED BY THE COUPLE WHO SWEPT IN, ARM IN ARM...
I PROPOSE THE FIRST TOAST TO JOE, WHOSE PLAN...
NO, NO, VLADO! THE FIRST TOAST SHOULD BE TO OUR BROTHERS IN MILLVALE!
YES, MY DEAR! OUR BLOOD BROTHERS! HA! HA! OPEN ANOTHER BOTTLE OF RARE OLD MILLVALE '53, VLADO (SMACK)! I'M REALLY BLOODTHIRSTY TONIGHT!
TOO BAD IT'S STILL COOL FROM BEING IN THAT HOSPITAL REFRIGERATOR! IT HAS MUCH MORE FLAVOR AT BODY TEMPERATURE!
HEH, HEH, IF THE COPS CAME IN THEY'D CATCH US RED-HANDED!
MILLVALE CITY HOSPITAL
WHOLE BLOOD
BUT THE PEOPLE WERE DESTINED NEVER TO SOLVE THE BLOOD-BANK ROBBERY, AND THE GOOD CITIZENS OF MILLVALE NEVER KNEW THAT THE BLOOD THE HAD DONATED FOR THEIR LOVED ONES FURNISHED A FEAST FOR VAMPIRES!